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LEADING PRINCIPLES IN ETHICS.

BY F. M. HOLLAND.

The declaration of the editor of *The Open Court*, in number 164, that "The leading principle of ethics must always be the expression of a conception of the world," is so true and important, that I wish to indicate what sort of a conception is needed for this great purpose. And I am particularly glad to take up the subject in a paper whose editor holds with me, that the true test, which is to enable us to tell what is right or wrong, must be sought in the idea of usefulness, rather than in that of pleasure.

It has seemed to me for many years that Utilitarians, while doing much to place moral laws upon a firm scientific basis, above all vagaries of individual caprice and vicissitudes of sectarian dogma, have attributed far too much ethical value to man's desire for pleasure and happiness. The tramp would say, "I am much more happy than if I were hard at work; and I make no one less happy, for people like to be generous." The lazy and licentious savages on the Sandwich Islands seemed perfectly happy. Who of us would follow all the ways to make ourselves happier, which our neighbors would recommend? The cannibal's happiness is not like the missionary's; neither is the book-worm's like the prize-fighter's; nor the school-boy's like his grand mother's; nor the art critic's like the trapper's; nor the rake's like the philanthropist's. Human ideas of happiness differ so widely, that it is as hard to bring them together into one theory as to make a rope out of sand.

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The Utilitarians are right, however, in looking for the leading moral principle in the relations of man to man. Whatever duties the individual has towards himself and towards the lower animals, are included in those moral laws which originate in his relations to other human beings. This is proved by such facts as that, "moral" and "ethical" are derived from the Greek and Latin words for "customary." The same is the case with the word translated "just" and "righteous" in the New Testament; "justice" comes from the Sanskrit verb "yu" to "bind," and "right" from the Aryan verb "rag," or "rak," to "make straight"; "virtuous" originally meant "manly," "honest," "honorable," and "wicked" "like a witch". Morality got not only its name, but its power from the fact that men have insisted on its observance from the beginning, as the necessary condition of social existence.

Men and women cannot exist except in society; and society cannot exist without some observance of moral laws. Any community would go to pieces, if the members did not respect each others' rights, relieve each others' necessities, and abstain from provoking each others' passions. Thus justice, benevolence, and self-control are conditions of social existence; and thus they become primary virtues, which all men and women desire to have practiced towards them, and which they know they ought to practice themselves. As Leslie Stephens says, (*Science of Ethics*, chapter viii, sec. 39,) "The moral law being, in brief, conformity to the conditions of social welfare, conscience is the name of the intrinsic motives to such conformity." I might add that both the strength and the disinterestedness of conscience may be readily accounted for, when we consider how long these conditions of social existence have been observed, and how earnestly their observance has been insisted upon by priests, heads of families, and other rulers.

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What I wish particularly to point out, however, is that the idea of social existence, while having the advantage of being more definite than that of happiness, labors with it under the disadvantage of insufficiency. It is correct as far as it goes; but it does not go far enough to furnish all the highest moral ideas. The suppression of tramps and drunkards has not been found absolutely necessary for the preservation of social existence, even in the United States; and the natives of the Sandwich Islands might have kept up their filthy habits for thousands of years, without dying out. It is easier to point out this difficulty than to remove it; but I hope I shall be able at least to suggest a method of solution.

These natives, and other savages, are actually dying out; and the reason is that they cannot stand competition with races which are more faithful to what I would call conditions of social progress. I mean, in the first place, such advanced forms of justice, benev-

olence, and self-control as go beyond the mere requirements of social existence, and improve perpetually under the stimulus of competition. Thus, civilized nations recognize sobriety and veracity as necessary parts of self-control and justice; and benevolence has but recently been so far enlarged as to include humanity to lower animals. Not even agnostics doubt, as Paul did, whether men have duties towards oxen.

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In the second place, I mean some moral ideas which are of later origin than the three primitive ones, but almost as old as human history. Here I would place chastity, patriotism, and physical culture, qualities which have done much to make one community more fit to survive than another, ever since competition began. The advantage of having little children cared for carefully is so great as to cause all nations that have risen above barbarism to insist on matrimonial fidelity; and the tendency of unchastity to weaken virtue and encourage vice has been fully recognized by Christianity. This religion did not pay so much respect as its predecessors to patriotism or physical culture, but modern thought insists that care for health and love of country are as necessary for individual perfection as for social progress.

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The third and highest group of virtues is peculiarly modern, except in so far as two of its members, mental culture and love of personal liberty, were exalted in pagan Athens to a place which they lost after the establishment of Christianity. All that can be said of their value, in promoting chastity, patriotism, physical culture, self-control, justice, and benevolence, is equally true of another great virtue, whose importance has been sadly ignored by teachers of religion and morality. Study of the tendency of indolence and extravagance to produce crime, and of the aid given by industry, economy, foresight, and enterprise to the development of qualities universally acknowledged to be highly virtuous, justifies my giving thriftiness a place among our most sacred duties. All other virtues have become easier and commoner, as life has been made more comfortable than ever before, especially for the poor. These latter now enjoy comforts and luxuries which were, until recently, beyond their reach; and this gain is due, partly to other men's increasing thriftiness, and partly to the help given them by practical philanthropists. Philanthropy differs from benevolence in requiring the assistance of mental culture. Love of liberty, thrift, mental culture, and philanthropy characterize our most advanced civilization, and guarantee future progress. And by progress I mean movement from the primitive condition of mankind toward our present civilization and thence onward in the same direction.

THE LOST MANUSCRIPT.

THE ORIGIN AND IMPORT OF THE NOVEL.*

GUSTAV FREYTAG has expressed the central idea of his novel *The Lost Manuscript* in the motto which he has written for the American edition:

"A noble human life does not end on earth with death. It continues in the minds and the deeds of friends, as well as in the thoughts and the activity of the nation."

This idea of the continuity and preservation of soul-life permeates the whole work. It meets us at every hand. We observe the professor in his study, ever eager to fathom the thoughts of the great thinkers of the past and imbuing his students with their lofty spirit. We sympathize with the heroine of this novel, the strong, pious Saxon maiden, in her religious and intellectual development; we behold her soul enlarging under the influence of unusual and trying situations; we watch her mentally growing amid the new ideas crowding in upon her. We enjoy the droll characterizations of the half-educated, of Mrs. Rollmaus and the servants, in whose minds the mysteries of soul-life appear in the shape of superstitious notions. And we see, again, the consequences of wrong-doing, of errors, and of mistakes continuing like a heavy curse, depressing the mind and hindering its freedom. And this last provokes a wholesome reaction and is finally conquered by unshirking courage in honest spiritual combat.

Illustrations of psychical laws showing the connections and continuity of the threads in the warp and woof of human soul-life, are found indeed in all the works of Gustav Freytag. The great novelist anticipated the results that have of late been established by the experiments of modern psychology. He says in his Autobiographical Reminiscences:

"What a man's own life accomplishes in the formation of his character, and the extent to which it fully develops his native capacities, we observe and estimate even in the best cases only with imperfect knowledge. But still more difficult is it to determine and comprehend what the living have acquired in the way of advancement and hindrance from their parents and ancestors; for the threads are not always visible that bind the existence of the present to the souls of generations past; and even where they are discernible, their power and influence are scarcely to be calculated. Only we notice that the force with which they operate is not equally strong in every life, and that sometimes it is too powerful and terrible.

"It is well that from us men usually remains concealed, what is inheritance from the remote past, and what the independent acquisition of our own existence; since our life would become full of anxiety and misery, if we, as continuations of the men of the past, had perpetually to reckon with the blessings and curses which former times leave hanging over the problems of our own existence. But it is indeed a joyous labor, at times, by a retrospective glance into the past, to bring into fullest consciousness the fact that many of our successes and achievements have only been made possible through the possessions that have come to us from the lives

* This article appeared as the preface to the new edition of *The Lost Manuscript*, published this week by the Open Court Publishing Co., in two large volumes.

of our parents, and through that also which the previous ancestral life of our family has accomplished and produced for us."

Is not this a revival of the old idea of the transmigration of souls? To be sure, the soul is not a material thing made of an invisible and airy substance, fluttering about after death and entering into another body. There are no material migrations of soul taking place, however tenuous the substance of the soul might be imagined to be. The memories of the present, our recollection of our past existence, depend on the fact that the living matter which is constantly replacing itself in us by other living matter, like the water in a wave rolling on the surface of the sea, always assumes the same form. It is the form that is constantly reproducing. In this sense, man (that is his soul) is the *product* of education. The soul of the future man stands in the same relation to our soul as the future edition of a book, revised and enlarged, stands to its present edition.* One man impresses his modes of thought, his habits, his methods of action, his ideals upon his fellow men, and thus implants his very soul into their lives. In this sense a transmigration of souls is taking place constantly, and he who opens his eyes will see it. No one has given plainer examples of this truth in the pleasant shape of novelistic narration, than Gustav Freytag.

The Lost Manuscript is in more than one respect a representative work, incorporating the spirit of the times. It is interesting from its descriptions of University circles, of country life, and of the vanity fair at the smaller princely courts of Germany. Yet these interesting descriptions gain in value, because we are taught by the author to comprehend the secret laws that rule the growth of, and determine the hidden interconnections between, the souls of men.

The plot of *The Lost Manuscript*, Gustav Freytag briefly characterizes as follows:

"In the upright soul of a German scholar, through the wish to discover something of great worth for knowledge, are cast juggling shadows, which, like as moonlight distorts the forms in the landscape, disturb the order of his life, and are at last overcome only through painful experiences."

Concerning the invention of the plot as well as of the characters of *The Lost Manuscript*, the following account from Gustav Freytag's Reminiscences will be of interest:

"In this story I depicted circles of life that were familiar to me since student days: the agricultural life of the country and the University life of the city. The reader will, I trust, discover in the characterizations of the work, that I have drawn cheerfully and unrestrainedly from this life at large. In the figures of the academical world he would seek in vain for special models, since Mr. and Mrs. Struvelius, Raschke, and others are types to whom in every German University single personalities will correspond. In the character of Professor Werner my friend Haupt has been recognized. But one can find in it only so much of the manner and method of Haupt, as a poet dares to take up of the being of a real man without interfering with the freedom of artistic creation, and without offending him through lack of delicacy. Haupt himself perceived with pleasure a certain remote resemblance, and of this connection with the romance he gave expression in his own way; having on several occasions, when sending me the prospectus of his Berlin lectures on the Latin historiographer Ammiauus, goodhumoredly signed himself "Magister Knips," which latter personage plays a sorrowful part in the story, and is only prevented from hanging himself by the thought of his professional researches in the Latin author mentioned.

"Some years before the appearance of my "Debit and Credit" Haupt had unexpectedly requested me to write a novel. This accorded at that time with secret designs of mine, and I promised him. To *The Lost Manuscript* he contributed, however, in quite another manner. For as we were once sitting alone with one another at Leipsic, before he was called to Berlin, he disclosed to me in the greatest confidence, that somewhere in a small Westphalian town in the loft of an old house, lay the remains of a convent library. It was very possible that among them there was hidden a manuscript of the lost Decades of Livy. The master of this treasure, however, was, as Haupt had learned, a surly and quite inaccessible gentleman. Thereupon I put forward the proposition to travel together to the mysterious house, move the old fellow's heart, hoodwink him, and, in case of extreme necessity, drink him under the table, to secure the precious treasure. As Haupt had some confidence in my powers of seduction when joined with a good glass, he declared himself agreeable therewith, and we reveled in and developed to the fullest extent the pleasure we had in prospect of enlarging the tomes of the Roman historian for a grateful posterity. Nothing came of the affair; but the remembrance of the intended trip greatly helped me in developing the action of the novel.

"In Leipsic I had lived a short time on the street nearest the Rosenthal with a hatmaker, who manufactured straw hats. Near to him, as it chanced, was another well-known firm, which administered to the same need of the male sex by felt-hats. This accident suggested the invention of the families Hummel and Hahn, although here also neither the characters nor the hostilities of the two families are copied from real life. Only the incident is made use of, that my landlord took particular pleasure in decorating his garden with ever new inventions: the White Muse, the Chinese lanterns, and the summer-house by the road, I have taken from his little garden. Moreover, two characters of his household,—the very ones which, by reason of their mythical character, have given offence, are exact copies of reality; namely, the dogs Fighthahn and Spitehahn. These my landlord had bought at an auction somewhere to act as warders of his property; they excited through their currish behavior the indignation of the whole street, until they were poisoned by an exasperated neighbor. Fighthahn died, Spitehahn survived and, after that time, was quite as bristly and misanthropical as he is portrayed in the novel, so that finally in consequence of the perpetration of numberless misdeeds his owner was obliged to banish him forever to rural life."

The novel, as is the case with every work of prominence and influence, did not escape criticism, even among the friends of the author. In his Autobiographical Reminiscences, Gustav Freytag refers to the fact. He says:

"The Lost Manuscript met with disapproval from many intimate critics of mine. The sombre coloring of the last volume gave offence. It was much objected that the religious struggles and the spiritual development of the heroine Ilse were not placed in the foreground, and again that Felix Werner was not more severely

* Compare the library scene in the chapter "A Day of Visits," Vol. 1, p. 265, of the novel.

punished for the neglect of his duty towards his wife. But the insanity of the Sovereign was especially objectionable, and it was claimed that in our time such a figure was no longer possible. My friends were wrong in this criticism. The Sovereign and his son the Hereditary Prince were also taken as types. The former represents the perverted development of an earlier generation which had sprung up from the ruin of Napoleonic times; the latter the restriction and narrowness of life in the petty principalities that then made up the German nation."

The American public will perhaps feel the strength of the criticism to which Gustav Freytag in the passage quoted refers, more strongly than the European friends of the Author. We at least have felt it, and believe that almost all the citizens of the New World will feel it. Nevertheless, considering all in all, we confess that Gustav Freytag was fully justified in preserving these traces of the national soul-life of Germany. For they form an important link in the development of German thought, and have cast dark shadows as well as rays of sunlight over the aspirations of scientific progress; now disturbing it by the vanity and egotism of these petty sovereigns, now promoting it by an enthusiastic protection of the ideal treasures of the nation.

The Lost Manuscript teaches us an object-lesson respecting the unity of human soul-life. Under the masterly treatment of Gustav Freytag's ingenious pen, we become aware of the invisible threads that interconnect our thoughts and the actions prompted by our thoughts. We observe the after-effects of our ideas and our deeds. Ideas live and develop not alone in single individuals, but from generation to generation. They escape death and partake of that life which knows no death: they are immortal.

Gustav Freytag, it is true, did not write his novel with the intention of teaching psychology or preaching ethics. But the impartial description of life does teach ethics, and every poet is a psychologist in the sense that he portrays human souls. In a letter to the publisher, Gustav Freytag says:

". . . . The essential thing with the poet was not the teachings that may be drawn from the book, but the joyful creating of characters and events which become possible and intelligible through the persons depicted. The details he worked into artistic unity under the impulsion of a poetical idea.

"But I may now also express to you how great my pleasure is at the agreement that exists between the ethical contents of the story (*The Lost Manuscript*) and the world-conception (*Weltanschauung*) which you labor to disseminate. . . ." (Translated from the German.)

The laws that govern the warp and woof of soul-life in its evolution hold good everywhere, also among us. We also have inherited curses and blessings from the past; our present is surrounded with dangers, and our future is full of bright hopes, the fulfilment of which mainly depends upon our own efforts in realizing our ideals.

CURRENT TOPICS.

ANOTHER venerable monopoly is in danger, the right of lawyers to the exclusive possession and enjoyment of judicial honors and emoluments. At the recent election in Kansas, a farmer, instead of a lawyer, was elected judge of the Twenty-fourth District. It is claimed for him, that although he has never studied law, attended lectures, been admitted to the bar, or committed any foolishness of that kind, he is well qualified for the bench, because he has a "judicial mind," having served in the capacity of judge at several horse races, church raffles, county fairs, and similar tribunals. It was also said—and the criticism will apply to some other States—that the judges in Kansas, had much law and little judgement, and that the law they had was bad. It was, therefore, thought best to elect a judge, who, if he knew no law at all, would certainly be innocent of bad law; one who, by reason of his "judicial mind" would be more likely to decide sensibly and justly, than another whose mind had been twisted out of moral symmetry by the "sharp, quick quillets of the law." Had the farmers of Kansas held bravely to their course, the result would probably have justified their action, but in a moment of doubt and weakness, they inconsistently took up a collection and sent their judge to Ann Arbor, for a six week's course of study in jurisprudence, at the end of which time he will know as much law, and as bad law, as the other judges know. Should their judge get muddled in judgment, the farmers of Kansas may charge his failure to the law school at Ann Arbor.

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Is it necessary for a judge to be a lawyer? There are two sides to this question, and each gives good reason against the other. Where the *forms* of action are the essence of a law suit, the judge might be a lawyer, but where substantial right is "of the essence," it is better that he know nothing about the forms of pleading, or the fictions of procedure. Wiser will he be if ignorant of the rule that makes a suitor state his cause of action in the form of manifold lies, or have his pleadings "quashed," and he himself be driven from the temple, where Justice cannot interfere, because being absurdly blindfolded, she vainly tries to weigh the merits of a cause in scales invisible to her. Hence courts of equity arose where Justice tried the case without the bandage on her eyes. For centuries the judges of the highest court in England were not lawyers, and they saved the law by breaking it when Justice ordered them. Not until Sir Robert Parnynge was appointed Lord High Chancellor of England, did a lawyer hold that office, or preside in Chancery. King Solomon was not a lawyer, and yet be made some reputation as a judge. His brother Absalom was not a lawyer, although he had some aspirations for the bench, and sought the office by the methods practised in Chicago at this day. He buttonholed the delegates, and proclaimed his "platform" in these words:

"Oh, that I were made judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice."

Had he obtained the office for which he was a candidate, he might not have gone into the rebel army, and had he kept his promise to "do justice" he might have made a very acceptable judge.

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A FEW days ago some well-meaning Christian ministers invited the Jews of Chicago to a conference, wherein they might all take counsel together in a spirit of brotherly love. The invitation was accepted, and the Jews displayed so much dignity, moderation, and good temper that many outside Christians thought the conference ill-advised and useless. The irritation of the churches was displayed in censure of the Christians present at the conference, for not asserting Christ with greater spirit than they did. A

Christian minister opened the conference with prayer; and regarding the Jews in attendance as invited guests, purposely omitted Christ in consideration of their feelings. This gave great offense, and the delinquent minister has been assailed with bitter censure by his brethern. Some have compared him to Peter who denied his master, and others have discovered a close parallel between him and Judas Iscariot. Meantime, the Jews, contented with the honors they have won, are not quarrelling either with the Christians or with one another. Some of the clerical critics appear to think that the Jews, having been beguiled into the conference, ought to have been prayed at by the Chistians and compelled to acknowledge Christ, but the praying minister was too magnanimous for that; he thought that both Jews and Christians could unite in a prayer to the glory of God, while a prayer to the glory of Christ would have stultified the conference by excluding the Jewish members from a share in the supplication. The kindly subject of the conference has now become an angry controversy, blazoned in the papers as "Christian *versus* Jew," as if it were a lawsuit or a battle. Of this unfortunate result the Jews at least are innocent, and so is the Christian minister who prayed.

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It is nearly fifty years since the "Fashionable Intelligence" portion of the London *Morning Post* was laughed out of existence by the scornful ridicule of *Punch*. Apparently that intelligence was furnished by somebody of rank and quality, but the doings of the aristocracy were described with so much personal particularity, and such grovelling flunkeyism that *Punch* declared the author of it was Jenkins the footman, and that the "intelligence" was nothing but the toady gossip of the servants' hall. Driven out of England by the raillery of *Punch*, Jenkins fled to America, and infected the whole confraternity of American reporters with his abject servility. Judging by the newspapers, a foreigner from one of the old monarchies, would be justified in believing that the American people were a lot of low-caste Hindoos, ever watching for a chance to make a salaam to the rich, the fashionable, and the great. It must be said, however, for the American Jenkins that he can bow lower, and grovel deeper than the English Jenkins ever did. I have lately read in the *Morning Post* for 1843 the "Fashionable Intelligence" which so excited the contempt and scorn of *Punch*, and it will not compare in baseness and manworship with the fashionable intelligence reported every day in the American press.

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At the opening of Congress Jenkins finds his golden opportunity. Then, mataphorically clad in gorgeous livery, with a blooming bouquet in his button hole, he overflows with gush. No Englishman ever loved a lord as Jenkins loves a senator. I have before me at this moment, a description by Jenkins of the recent opening of Congress. He begins by telling us with girlish ecstacy how the desks were "crowned" with flowers. This frivolous performance, undignified and silly, is described with more solemnity than the gravest matter of state. A grateful people read with reverential awe that "a big floral rooster with a bee-hive pedestal covered the desk of Senator Voorhees;" and what is more important still, that "Vice President Morton had on his desk the rarest of roses; and so had Senator Aldrich." In the idiom of Jenkins whatever appertains to a senator must be spoken of in the superlative degree, and thus it happened, that Morton and Aldrich, each had the "rarest of roses." With becoming gratitude we learn that "Senator Vest wore a new suit of clothes;" that Senator Harris had "one of his hands encased in a lavender kid;" and that "the silvery hair of Senator Ingalls was a little rumpled;" which is not to be wondered at, when we consider the rudeness of Kansas farmers at the polls. Jenkins runs into danger when he proclaims that "Senator Carey's bald head is known to everybody in the Senate." Let him remember the fate of the children who mocked and scoffed at the bald head of the prophet. No Parsee on the banks of the Ganges ever worshipped the beaming sun more devoutly than Jenkins worshipped the Vice President when he mounted the steps of the throne. "When his gavel fell," says Jenkins, "he beamed on the Senate." It is worth going a mile to see Morton "beaming" on anything, especially the Senate. The recognition of any being as superior to a senator, was disagreeable to Jenkins, and the introduction of prayer appeared open to criticism, because it rather diminished the importance of the Senate; so he complains that "Chaplain Butler's prayer was a trifle longer than usual," although he kindly excuses the fault, because "it made up in fervency what it lacked in brevity." The *Court Circular*, which records the doings of English royalty, and which is edited by a tinselled and veneered Lord Chamberlain, does not condescend to such courtly adulation and abject flattery as the American papers do. There is nothing so fawning and obsequious to be found in Russia, in Turkey, or in Spain.

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Fortunately for an anxious people, Jenkins found a spare moment for a glance at what he calls the "Lower House," but he does not mention anything occurring there of grave importance to the country, excepting this, "Rowell was in a reflective mood and soon settled down to his inveterate habit of carefully tearing up all the paper within reach and scattering it over the floor." Considering that the tearing up of paper draws heavily on the "reflective" powers of some people, the honorable member will receive his country's thanks for the exertion, and his constituents will be proud of a representative whose fame in statesmanship has been achieved by "tearing up all the paper within his reach and scattering it over the floor." Jenkins can write in vitriol as well as honey if need be, as for example thus: "The Democrats made noisy demonstrations of rejoicing when Breckenridge trotted down the aisle to be sworn in a second time to the seat he won by the murder of Judge Clayton."

M. M. Trumbull.

A REVIEW OF "WHEELBARROW."*

In the *Weekly Chronicle*, published at Newcastle, England, "Wheelbarrow" is reviewed by George Julian Harney, one of the two surviving leaders of the great Chartist movement which agitated England fifty years ago. The review is interesting as a reminiscence of that historic agitation, as well as for its praise of "Wheelbarrow." Mr. Harney's article is entitled "The Career of an Old Chartist," and we present a few extracts from it.

"Looking back over the records, or rather, reflecting on the remembered men and events, of fifty—sixty years, it is matter for melancholy reflection how few of the friends and associates of one's younger days survive. Still more melancholy is the reflection that the great majority of the departed experienced, ere their rest came, the poverty, the want, the neglect, the disappointment of their hopes, the failure of their aspirations, which must have embittered, which undoubtedly did embitter, their declining years. Some, happily for themselves, died whilst yet in their youthful manhood. Others lived longer, only to prolong a sad experience: Feargus O'Connor dying in a private lunatic asylum; others, who shall be nameless, subsisting on the bitter bread of occasional benevolence. Many died far away from their

* Published by *The Open Court Publ. Co.*

native land. Some disappeared, it is not positively known when or where—for example, McDouall and Bairstow, both eloquent tribunes, who many a time and oft found their words of fire responded to by the most frantic applause. They disappeared—as the ill-fated *President* went down—whelmed beneath the dark waters of death and oblivion; no one can tell where or when. Then we saw Ernest Jones, at the height of his popularity, about to cross the threshold of the Senate which his presence would have adorned, suddenly snatched away by grim Death; his own patriotic ambition and the dazzling hopes of his friends quenched in an hour! Such is life, with its bitter belongings and despairing disappointments.

"But the 'blackness of darkness' is not altogether unrelieved. A few, a very few, experienced more genial fortune. I have no authority to name two of 'the leaders' who still survive—one who, by his own industry and talents, has been enabled to provide a modest sufficiency to pass the evening of his days amidst 'Surrey's pleasant hills,' far from his birth place washed by the North Sea; the other, cared for by grateful and generous friends, finds repose in the shadow of one of England's most superb cathedrals—a location not without its consolations, for though our old friend in his strong manhood waged Miltonic war against prelacy and priestcraft, no man ever had a keener or finer appreciation of those monuments of our old England of which our magnificent cathedrals are the chief exponents, glory, and pride.

"I have been set 'a-thynkynge' on this theme by the receipt of a volume from Chicago, in which is told, too briefly, the career of an 'Old Chartist,' whose name was not known to fame when a participant in our old movement, but whose subsequent career has been such that every old Chartist still living may feel proud of their once humble, unknown associate.

"The book before me bears the sufficiently curious title :—'Wheelbarrow : Articles and Discussions on the Labor Question.' It is published at the price of a dollar, by The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. However able the articles and valuable the discussions, it will be most interesting to the readers of the *Weekly Chronicle* to give some account of a truly remarkable man : not *re*markable, like Martin Chuzzlewit's American heroes, for tobacco-chewing and bowie-knife performances, but for energetic labor, both bodily and mental, and successful battling with and conquest of adverse circumstances—which circumstances would have condemned ordinary men to spiritless, hopeless servitude, but which, in the case of 'Wheelbarrow,' only acted upon him as stimulants to raise himself out of poverty's Slough of Despond, and to set a bright example to his fellows of what may be achieved by men with hearts to dare and hands to execute the behests of thinking brains.

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"The parents of our author were both religious people, though belonging to opposite and contradictory sects. Like Burns, he had the good fortune of good parentage—the father honest and brave, the mother patient and divine. But the father—engaged in some mercantile business—was unfortunate; and when our author was but three years old he witnessed his mother's anguish consequent on her husband's arrest for debt. He remembers going with his mother to see his father in the Marshalsea—embalmed in Dickens's 'Little Dorrit'—a tiresome and somewhat silly story, I think, but which must have deeply thrilled 'Wheelbarrow' when he read it. The father, who would never have been put into prison but for the harshness of one creditor, was soon out again; and 'Wheelbarrow's' parents resolutely worked and dedicated themselves to suffering, to pay everybody, and succeeded.

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"But the blight of poverty was upon the family, and the boy's schooling only amounted to reading, writing, and ciphering—as far as the first four rules of arithmetic. At thirteen, he began to work thirteen hours a day, for five shillings a week. He soon became a Chartist. 'The years of my youth,' he says, 'were the years of the Chartist movement in England, and I flung myself headlong into it. Its high purpose and its delirious enthusiasm, attracted me.' He made speeches, and 'wrote red poetry for the *Northern Star*.' I should like to look up that 'red poetry.' Our author significantly adds :—'These things illustrate the passions, thoughts, and manners of the time; and their lesson applies to the social condition prevailing in the United States at the present day. There is a good deal of Chartism here!'

"In the forties, America was, much more than it is now, the 'Land of Promise. . . .'

* * *

"The career of 'Wheelbarrow' was carried in the first of these communications down to the time when he set sail for America. And now follows an account of the voyage and the Dantean horrors of an emigrant ship of that time. Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' is hauntingly weird, and Turner's 'Slave Ship' palpably horrible; but the incidents connected with 'Wheelbarrow's' voyage are no figments of the imagination, and his plain, unvarnished story strikes us with a force and effect beyond the poet or the painter's art. He affirms and proves that the loss of life on that emigrant ship 'was greater in proportion to the numbers present than the loss at Waterloo, Gravelotte, or the battles around Atlanta.' For fifty days fever and famine held riot on board that ship. Sixty-two passengers died and were thrown into the sea. It was estimated that as many more, or a larger number, died of the fever after landing. The ship was bound to Lower Canada. Quebec was already fever-stricken from previous arrivals, and would not allow the new arrivals to disembark. More fortunate at Montreal, they were allowed to land. 'Wheelbarrow' had only just touched the shore when he was accosted by a man with the question, 'Do you want a job of work?'

"Here was a surprise! A complete reversal of Burn's 'Man was made to Mourn.' The work was railroad making at Longueil, on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence; the wages a dollar a day. The next morning our emigrant started to work. 'The tools and implements of my profession were a wheelbarrow, pick-axe, and shovel.' The reader now understands our author's *nom de plume*. The lawyer and the general, far from being ashamed of, glorifies the humble implement of labour by which he first earned his bread in the New World. Talk of 'heroes' and 'benefactors'! If we only knew the names of the men who thought out, designed and invented the wheelbarrow, the shovel, (or spade), the pick, the chisel, the gimlet, the screw, the saw, the plane, and the claw-hammer, there would be heroes and demigods for a new Valhalla, far surpassing in true glory the names of conquerors and kings.

"The severe Canadian winter put an end to the railway work for a season. Having saved a little money, 'Wheelbarrow' started on foot to seek his fortune in the States; but before he could get out of Canada, he was waylaid by a farmer, near Granby, who offered him seven dollars a month and board. But he found that farm labour is 'skilled labor,' and required special training, which he had not had. The farmer was a good-natured man, and said: 'You are not fit for farm work, but I can get you school-teaching.' This offer capsized the gravity of the emigrant, who thought himself even more incompetent for school-teaching than for farm labour. But the farmer was right. He got 'Wheelbarrow' a 'district school,' and the schoolmaster—at first very much 'abroad'—gave great satisfaction. 'Among the happiest portions of my life was the winter when I taught school and "boarded round" among the hospitable settlers in the backwoods of Canada.'

"In the spring and summer the Canadians are (or were) too busy for schooling, so our emigrant 'made tracks' in the direction

of Boston. He regarded himself as 'rolling in opulence,' for he had twenty dollars in his pocket, and his meals at the farm houses never cost more than fifteen cents. Near the town of Windsor he got another job at railroad building. After a time he reached Boston, where he found employment in a pork warehouse at a dollar a day. Things had changed with him when I met him in Boston some four years ago!

"One day in Boston, passing a building where the American flag was flying, he read a placard, inviting young men of spirit to enlist in the army for the conquest of Mexico! Here was a fine opening for adventure and excitement. Before nightfall he was entered as a full private in the 2nd U. S. Artillery.

* * *

"Having left 'the halls of Montezuma' behind him, 'Wheelbarrow' engaged in any kind of work that came aloug, or that he could get alongside of; devoting his evenings, as he had been advised, to the study of law.' He was working at brickmaking, a laborious and depressing employment, when he was admitted to the Bar. He went back to the brickyard for a time, and was subjected to a good deal of 'chaff;' being addressed as 'Counsellor' and my (or our) 'learned friend.' He kept his temper, taking the banter as the prophecy of better times to come.

"Here I may fittingly interpolate (so to speak) an apposite reflection. Many emigrants fail because unable to adapt themselves to the varied and varying circumstances of their new home. 'Wheelbarrow' was made of sterner stuff. The work he would have preferred not offering, he took to any work that did offer. And this is an American characteristic. At the close of the Secession War, hundreds of sergeants, lieutenants, and captains, and perhaps officers of higher grades, went back to their old occupations or embarked in new, seemingly as a matter of course. I remember seeking an ex-captain, who had also for some time held clerkly employment in the American Embassy to the Court of St James's. I found him in a Chicago printing office, he having gone back to his old calling—a compositor. 'Wheelbarrow' did not need to take lessons from the Americans; he took with him his aptitude for varied work and his indomitable pluck; as did the founders of the American nation and the future Australian Empire. I do not much admire what is commonly termed America; I infinitely prefer Old England; but I am bound to say that all labour is honorable in the States, and needs no artificial addition such as the ridiculous title of '*Knights* of Labour.'

"In a short time, he moved a hundred miles away, opened an office, and soon had clients. In another year he was elected District Attorney, but refused to qualify. In 1857 he was elected to the State House of Representatives, and took his seat in the ensuing January. His career as a lawyer and legislator was rudely interrupted by the outbreak of civil war. The attack on Fort Sumter was a challenge to all friends of liberty and the Union, and 'Wheelbarrow' enlisted for the war.

"He was elected captain of his company. He served in the Missouri campaign of 1861, and in the army of the Tennessee. In August, 1862, he was promoted to the grade of Lieut. Colonel, and afterwards Colonel of Cavalry. Before the close of the war he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and commanded a cavalry brigade. He does not speak of it in the sketch before me, but I believe he was twice wounded, happily without permanently serious results.

"On his return to his State he was immediately elected District Attorney. He had made his mark in the war, and when General Grant became President, Matthew was placed at "the receipt of custom,' as Collector of Internal Revenue, which he held during the whole of General Grant's administration. This appointment, which had been unsolicited, was equally honorable to both parties.

"As a writer, terse yet fluent, logical and eloquent, our author generally carries conviction and always commands esteem. The book before me is mainly a reprint of contributions to *The Open Court*, a philosophical and popular periodical of high standing and growing influence, published weekly in Chicago. A variety of subjects are treated of in this volume of 300 pages, including Henry George and the Single Tax proposal, Economic Conferences, Trades Unions, Convict Labor, Wages and Strikes, the Ethics of Trade, and other topics. Where the reader may differ from the author he cannot fail to respect the man and admire the writer. This book should be read by working men generally. Failing individual possession, free library and co-operative library readers should see that this volume is added to their respective collections. It is a book to make converts, or, failing that, to call forth combatants—in either case effecting good.

* * *

"And let me add for the encouragement of youthful readers about to engage in the Battle of Life:—

> 'Let us then be up and doing,
> With a heart for any fate;
> Still achieving, still pursuing,
> Learn to labor and to wait.'"

DETERMINISM AND FATALISM.

> "He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his deserts are small;
> Who fears to put it to the touch,
> To win or lose it all."

To the Editor of The Open Court:—

In your able and thoughtful work, "The Ethical Problem," you make the very truthful statement that "the religion of science will be the most intolerant religion, for it will destroy all the views that are incompatible with it." Although I do not agree with the term "religion," I understand that you mean the truths of science will be extremely dogmatic. Truth is always dogmatic, and before its unanswerable asseverations we must humbly bow. Nothing short of an intolerant truth can wield the authority which is so much needed in the intellectual world. Since Bible and church authority is weakened by the steady advance of science, there must, of necessity, be an authoritative standard set up; not one of mere belief, but one of reason, governed by a right premise. You are doing a very good work in offering to the thinkers of the 19th Century the much needed privilege, an open court, and in promulgating the doctrine of monism as well as in you lies. But to my mind, and I say it kindly but candidly, the monist must take one more step before he can logically and dogmatically reach that point where the intolerant position of which you speak can be reached. That doctrine of the freedom of man must go; no logical argument can be brought forth to defend it. It is a child of paganism (necessary for a season, I allow) and has nothing to do with scientific monism. If all things come from one, then they do not come from two. If man is an independent factor in nature then he is not rooted in the one—the "all"; there are then two sources of action in the universe, man, and the balance of the universe. I agree with you that a man is a factor to his fate, good or what we call bad, but I insist that he is not the prime factor. What if civilized man is a rational being? It will not do to reason that he made himself so. He is simply an evolution of nature, differing from the wild men of Borneo only in that nature has paid more attention to his cultivation—has given him a better organism and better surroundings. It is true that knowledge is a very important factor in man's existence but the combination is a natural one; all is owing to natural advantages. If Mr. Edison was conditioned by nature like a Hottentot, he would not know anything about electricity. Mr. Edison is a factor to his fate as an electrician, and a Hottentot is a factor to his fate as a know-nothing,

but neither are prime factors—nature evolved and conditioned them both. A lion is a factor to its fate, when, in fury, it rushes upon the man who shoots it; and the lamb is a factor to its fate when it is killed by a lion; but what conditioned them both? Themselves?

The differences in men are simply natural combinations and conditions, else evolution cannot stay in the scientific field. By evolution the hands cannot produce counter action upon the works of the clock; the ear of corn cannot influence the growing of the blade, neither can men cause a reformation unless they have the stuff within them, and they cannot command that stuff. To say that the hands can react upon the works is to say that the lesser can overcome the greater. Man is intellectual enough to know (a developed man) how to make himself comfortable in this world, but his intellectuality is only a part of the necessary combination; without a natural opportunity—the prime factor—he is helpless. To maintain that man is free is to reason that there can be an effect without a natural cause. The fact that he is not free is in the fact that be is surrounded with mystery and conflicting theories, and the fact that evolution alone can do the work of elevating the human race is in the fact that men cannot agree upon a plan. "The Ethiopean cannot change his skin nor the leopard its spots." You quote, "We are not the children of the bond woman, but of the free," but you forget that the same Paul said, "The law of the spirit of life . . . has made me free from the law of sin and death."

The naturally moral man is free from the combination which before caused him to be immoral, but he is not free from the combination which is the cause of his morality; he is free from viciousness, but he is not free from morality; he is bound by the laws which are the causes of his morality, but it is a happy bondage, the same as when a man is bound to his wife by the law of love. Man cannot, morally, lift himself by the waistband of his pants, that is why the church and state has existed the one to drive him by threatenings and the other to force him by laws, backed by the bayonet. When the power of evolution develops him he will not need either; he *must* obey the laws of his organization. The ought is for religious teachers to proclaim; the must for the scientific. Science, therefore, cannot be reconciled with religion because religious teaching is not necessary to the man who is fitted by nature for science. To say to a good man, you *ought* to be good, is out of place; he *must* be good—"a good tree *cannot* bring forth evil fruit." JOHN MADDOCK.

[Determinism is a truth which can not be dodged. *The Open Court* has endeavored to bring out the truth of determinism as strongly as possible. There is no freedom of will if it means an exception to the laws of nature. Freedom of will, as it has been defended editorially in our columns, is different, is a protest against the theory of fatalism, that whatever a man does, his fate will be the same. Determinism is not identical with fatalism, and compulsion is not the same as necessity. "When a man is bound to his wife by the law of love," Mr. Maddock says, "it is a happy bondage." We object to the word "bondage," not to the idea Mr. Maddock attempts to convey. It is no bondage, it is no serfdom, no servitude, it is a union based on freedom. The union is the *necessary* result of free actions, not of a compulsion. The union is free, because the act of uniting results from a free will, from a will determined by its own nature and not by a foreign compulsion. ED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GROWTH OF CONSCIENCE.

To the Editor of The Open Court:

Your paper on the "Growth of Conscience" in your Nov. 13th issue is a very clear statement, but I cannot quite reconcile it with my own experience. Notwithstanding my more than three score years, my perceptions of right and duty seem to be no clearer than at my sixth or seventh year. At that age I often went away alone and sat musing and dreaming and longing intensely for purity as God is pure. To do wrong caused me an awful agony of mind. My conscience seemed as clear then as now, and I have no remembrance of having received religious teachings. Time has brought knowledge and breadth of moral vision, but has added no sensitiveness to conscience or intensity to the conception of moral purity. I have never formulated these volitions nor even made a close analysis of them. Perhaps the term "intuitionalism" would cover them. In the light of your article on the "Growth of Conscience" I shall give them some close thought.

FRANK CANTELO.

[Conscience begins to grow before consciousness is fully developed. As soon as a child becomes conscious, it is already in possession of many motives higher than selfishness. Are not a mother's sacrifices and love the first impressions a baby receives? and many words of exhortation that fall into the half-conscious mind are like seeds that will grow stronger in time. The impulses of which consciousness consists are so strong, because they are so deeply rooted in the realm of sub-conscious soul-life.—ED.]

BOOK NOTICES.

Mr. James H. West, Publisher, of 196 Summer Street, Boston, has sent us Nos. 12 to 15 (inclusive) of the *Sociological Series of the Modern Science Essayist.* They consist of four lectures delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Association on "Evolution and Social Reform." The essays are (1) "The Theological Method," by John W. Chadwick; (2) "The Socialistic Method," by William Potts; (3) "The Anarchistic Method," by Hugh O. Pentecost; (4) "The Scientific Method," by Daniel Greeuleaf Thompson. These and the other thirteen lectures on Sociology delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Association are to be published in a bound volume uniform with "Evolution."

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